



The Swordsman



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Chapter 1 by Siddhartha

389 B.C.E., the time when the kingdom of Xentonia broke into war with the Sarminian Empire. It was not an ordinary war. It was one of the biggest battles of all time. By 391 B.C.E., all other smaller kingdoms and tribal areas had been engulfed by the mighty Sarminian Empire. It was an empire from the hills of the East and was led by Emperor Skasper. It is said that Skasper was blessed by Goddess Kurmti herself, the Goddess of war and that, he was invincible. His sanguinary campaign of territorial inclusion had killed millions of innocent people and his greed for more power was growing day by day.

Chapter 2 by Rantoni Ravioli



Scrawling numerous tendril-like contours on a disheveled map of mountainous Xentonia, General Muramiat al Madir, son of Sultan Salmuhad al Mudir, pointed out the various vantage points of the ancient, coastal citadel of Zarmiahid, at which his army would march upon. Zarmiahid was a critical vulnerability to the repugnant Sarminians, where its strategical positioning allowed both ground and naval forces expedient refuge as well as a heavy defense. Getting in would be hard. Driving them out would be harder.

The General faced a council of 602 members, all from the last remaining states faithful to the Xentonian Powers.

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On both left and right were to the two former rival societies, the Saluceids and Radazgs, both their Ultimates stroking a bedraggled, unkempt beard, something like a goatee but with intertwining locks, forming what seemed to be, somewhat hard to make out from such a distance, the insignia of their families.

Muramiat rose from his golden, embossed chair, as he raised an arm with a clenched fist, lowered it and sat back down.

And then, he spoke.

"Allies! Friends! Brothers! It is time to make our move! Prolonging this attack any further will cost us dearly! Which is why we must take action whilst their is still time! We move tomorrow when the Sun reaches its zenith; When the Clock of Turmabad casts no shadow!"

Just as he had finished, a dozen women in very revealing clothing popped up from the corner of his eye. He immediately turned his head and winked at them, as they giggled.

Marumiat once again faced his audience," Bring all your soldiers! Establish as many conscripts as needed of any of thy comrades see themselves too few in numbers! Now I must leave and tend to the needs of my mistresses. We shall merge armies at the Bridge of Themolea, just before our march is to begin! Until then dear friends, I bid you farewell and good 'morrow!"

Once the massive hall was emptied and all fell silent, Muramiat remained still in his seat, as he savoured the sweet chuckles of the women to his right.

He raised his forearm and summoned them to him.

They surrounded him in passionate hugs and kisses.

The General swung forward and grabbed one by the jaw, just as he began unbuttoning his vest and stripping his mistresses of their clothes.

He then commenced his feast.

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